OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 19. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, April 17, 1913. Number 3.

MAKING MISTAKES.

By JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

I have told Josiah that nothin' wuz easier than for poor blind mortals to make mistakes and blame some one else for 'em.

But he always contended that though that might be true of ordinary people he wuz altogether immun from anything of the kind; he never made a mistake. But I knowed better, and sunthin' occurred yesterday that ort to convinced him of the truth of my statement, and probable did for as much as five minutes, but it didn't last.

He stormed in almost frothin' at the mouth with indignation impatience. It seemed that Ury had come back from Jonesville without doin' the most important errant of all. He'd sent for some salt. He said he needed it the worst kind and Ury knew it. "Well," sez I, "he probable forgot it."

"What bizness has a hired man to forgit? I didn't hire him for a fergitter. But he didn't even have that excuse. He said he couldn't make out what I sent for, and the grocer couldn't, he said they thought it wuz some animal, a young horse. Consarned fools both on 'em. A young horse! And there it wuz writ down as plain as the nose on their faces C-O-L-T, salt."

I didn't argy with him, for I knowed it wouldn't do. He wuz so wrought up it might have brought on a spell! But after he went out after emptyin' both salt sullers into his horse feed I sot and eppisoded on how true it wuz tnat folks blunder into mistakes entirely unbeknown to them.

And as I got thinkin' of Josiah's mistake, my mind roved off on the mistake Jethro Perkins made over in Loontown. It wuz the town's talk and I spoze folks talked about it way beyond the town line. But I looked at it more lenitent than some folks did and didn't poke fun at him so fur, for I belive that folks sometimes receive strange impressions and warnin's of important things that are goin' to happen to 'em. But we should be very careful to not mistake the emotions and forebodin's of hysteria and nervousness for the inner whisperin's of the Sperit.

Jethro, who wuz a worthy but ruther nervous man, declared he had a warnin' that he should die at a certain date at three o'clock in the afternoon, and he wuz so dead sure of it that his positive and onquestionin' belief impressed everybody around him.

He settled his business affairs, sold his live stock, made his will, bought his coffin, had his shroud made, and gin out the woad that he would preach his own funeral sermon at one o'clock on that day and sent invitations to friends and relations to be present. The company gathered at the appointed time, the wife and children dressed in deep mournin' and weepin' bitterly. And Jethro, clothed in his long white shrud, stood by the side of his coffin and proceeded to preach his own funerel discourse It wuz long, for he had a good deal to say.

He had selected a number of close friends from the choir and he opened the funeral excercises by readin' the him:

"For all the saints who from their labor rest."

His complacent countenance showing plainly that he considered himself one of the saints they wuz warblin' about. He chose for his text:

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the faith,"

And then he proceed to deliver his own funeral oration, in which he showed a warm appreciatiom of his own virtues, and gave advice freely to neighbors and relations, and also improved the opportunity to administer what he thought needed rebukes to those among them who had offended him, and lamented their shortcomings, which, of course, they could not resent, coming as last solemn words of warning admonition from a dying man. And you know preachers always have this advantage, they can sass their hearers if they feel like it, and folks will set under it ruther than make a fuss, though sometimes they squirm. They did now, but stood it.

And in closing Jethro addressed the mourners in an affectin' manner, impressin' them anew with the inestimable value of the treasure they wuz about to lose, which made the tears of his wife and children fall faster than ever, for he wuz a good man, and a kind and loving husband and father. After he had finished his sermon and eulogy on himself, he shook hands solemnly with his friends and more distant relations, and urged them in parting to live in such an improved and Christian manner that they might be able to meet him in the better land. He then tenderly embraced his wife and children and babe them a lovin' farewell. And then he gathered the long folds of his shroud about him, climbed into his coffin, laid down, composed his lims, crossed his hands on his bosom, closed his eyes, and waited for the clock to strike the moment of his doom. The assembled company and mourning family waited in breathless awe and expectation. At last clock struck:

One! Two! Three!

Nothing happened. And Jethro lifted his head and looked round ruther sheepishly and said:

"There must have been some mistake."

AN ELEPHANT AND HIS MOTHER.

Elephants dearly love a joke. When engaged in the timber trade in Burma, I observed some queer pranks played by them. On one occasion I saw a calf play a most ludicrous trick on its mother. The older animal was hauling a lag, which fifty coolies could not have moved, from a river to the saw mills quite unconscious of any guile in the bosom of her offspring. The younguter took a turn with his trunk around one of the chain traces, and pulled back with all his might. This additional weight caused the mother to stop and look behind her; but, on discovering the cause, she gravely shook her head and prepared to resume her task of drawing the log to the mill. This was just what the little imp expected; and, before the strain was put on again, he kicked out the iron hook which fastened the long chain to the log. As the mother again began to pull, he held back with all his strength on the chain until her muscles were in full play, and then suddenly let go.

The effect was disastrous in the extreme. Down went the old elephant on her knees, and her driver described a most and prolonged curve before he graceful landed on the grouud. But like a cat, he stuck on his feet, and, blurting out some heavy Burmese exclamations of wrath, he whispered a few words into the ear of the amazed victim of this unfilial practical joke. She seemed to understand him at once, and there ensued one of the most exciting chases it has ever been my good fortune to witness.

The calf scented danger the moment he saw the driver whisper to his mother, and he placed a larged stack of timber between the enraged animal and himself as speedily as possible.

Elephants seem too clumsy to do much running, but these two coursed up and down the yard in a manner which astonished me.

The youngster was more quick in turning, but at last he was cornored. The maternal trunk smote him on the loins. He gave a shriek; at a second stroke he dropped to his knees, and took his punishment bravely and patiently. A few minntes later he walked past us to his shed; but his trunk was drooping, and the great tears were coursing silently down his great india-rubber cheeks.

I was sorry for the poor little fellow, and I noticed that at dinner time his mother was gently rubbing him down with her trunk, and manifesting many signs of affection.—Chums.

BEDS OF VIOLETS.

In front of the residences on the principal streets, or all the streeets, in this city there are living violet bed's; and it is hoped that the town never will grow so large or so citified as to prevent the growing of these tender, country violets right in its very heart.

They are in some way, a symbol of daintiness, freshness, purity.

They best become a maiden or a womanly woman, and they are a silent rebuke to a woman who is bad.

And one knows somehow, that a woman who goes out and fusses over violet beds and really loves the little human things has the right kind of a soul. There is no reason for saying this; it is another one of the just so things. All other flowers are, flowers, but violets grow and whisper in the innocent realm that can only be seen by a baby's eyes and are the first offering in the kingdom where love must give the right gift to love.

Isaac E. Avery In "Idle Comment,"

A MODERN MIRACLE.

WROUGHT IN A COUNTRY MEETING HOUSE.

By Wm. Laurie Hill

PART SIX

It had been a big day at the Mill Meeting House, the crowd in attendance was even greater than on the Sunday previous, people coming from the court-house and Wilton to swell the congregation that had gathered from the country from miles around.

An arbor of green boughs had been built to accomodate an overflow meeting, for the old meeting house could not begin to hold the people that crowded up close to hear Obediah Powell. He had preached two sermons that day full of gospel power. The morning text was from Isa. 60.8.

"Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the Doves to their windows," with power did he portray the triumpth of Messiah's kingdom, when the nations of the earth "shall come bending unto Thee," and all that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet. Oh Zion! thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw its self; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of the mourning shall be ended.

As the invitation was extended to those who desired to join the hosts that should finally triumph over sin and death, there was a pentecostal movement that seemed to shake the old building. and many came forward, to pledge allegiance to King Emmanuel,

In the afternoon the preacher had chosen a tender subject; one that pictured the satisfication of the Redeemer, as he contemplated the triumpth of his kingdom. "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied, Isa. 53.11.

Contrasting the crucifixion scene with the sublime marshaling of the hosts of the Redeemed, from every nation, the people seemed to enter with the preacher into a cloud of glory, and their faces beamed with a hitherto unknown joy.

When the services closed, many lingered long in the grove talking over the sermons, and joyfully greeting the new converts, that had decided to leave the allurements of the world and seek the higher life.

Good father Samuel in talking over with Joe Yardley "the wonderful out pouring," said, "It's a regular pentecostal shower brother Yardly, and the Lord sent Obediah Powell with them messages: he gets better and better; oh! I hope he can hold out, he has struck a pretty high key, mighty high!, but the Lord can hold out, and give brother Powell continuin grace too.

Meanwhile the subject of Father Samuel's observations was resting quietly on the back seat of the rockaway beside sister Perkins, and as they jogged along, they communed of all the wonderful happenings of the day, and sister Ann was telling him of certain ones yet unreached for whom her tender old heart had been praying. Little did they know that Agnes had beeu doing an evangelistic work at home that afternoon, that should be the means of turning many to righteousness. Caleb with his bandaged head was reclining on a bench of the front porch. as sister Ann and Obediah Powell walked from the Rockaway to the house.

He arose as they entered the porch, and had she been his own mother, sister Ann could not have given him a much warmer greeting. "Caleb, my dear boy!" I am glad to welcome you, how are you feeling this evening?" was her salutation, then she said. Bro. Powell. this is our friend, Caleb Chandler."

Caleb greeted both of them most cordially, then answered the question as to his well being.

"I am glad to say, Sister Perkins that I am feeling much better in every way, and shall soon be as well as ever. It was very kind of you, to open your doors to me. but I am sure that the God of the Fatherless and Motherless ones, will reward you some day."

"Oh! Caleb, chi d, don't talk about it that way, just think the simple truth, and that is, we wanted you, and are so glad, you have come." "Young man," said Obediah Powell, I know how you feel, but with such a welcome as that, you ought to "feel like the son of a king, don't you ever say you have no friends."

"I could not say that and be truthful sir, for I have just begun to find out how many friends I have, and I have also learned this afternoon, that I am "the son of a King," and have an elder brother in Christ."

"Then I hail you as brother, and thank God the Father, that he has bestowed upon you the unspeakable gift of son-ship. "Isn't it glorious sister Perkins?

Mrs. Ann Perkins drew near Caleb, and putting her arms about him, said in a tearful voice, Thanks! thanks! my prayers are answered Caleb, I must give you a mother's kiss."

"How much I value this, you will never know, for you are the only mother I ever knew: and that daughter of yours is such a loyal daughter of the king, she is ever about her Masters business. It was Agnes that made the way so plain to me, that I could not go grong. and then the Master met me more than halfway: oh! it is wonderful! wonderful!"

It was a night of thanksgiving and as the household at Swallow Barn gathered around the family altar and mingled in prayer and praise, the quiet moon shed its bright rays upon a very happy home.

The meeting at "the Mill" gathered in force as the week progressed, and the following Sunday proved to be the crowning day.

The afternoon was to be given to converts as a testimonial meeting, and those who felt that they had a message, would be heard.

It had been announced that Caleb Chandler would make the leading address, and was to be

Continued on fourth page.

SAFELY TRAPPED

TWO BOYS FIND SAFETY IN A STRANGE PLACE

By HUGH F. GRINSTEAD.

Be sure to come home before sundown, boys, and don't forget the sugar and tea," called Mrs. Brisco from the door, as her two boys, Hal and George, trudged off toward the village at the end of the lake, three miles away.

A walk of three miles was a little jaunt for these sturdy Michigan lads, reared in the great forest; for despite their ages of fourteen and sixteen, they were often called upon to do the work of men.

The winter had been unusually servere, but on this bright February afternoon, just after the big thaw, but little snow was to be seen, and the footpath was dry.

"Let's go by and see Uncle Zeb Watson. Maybe he has caught that big bear he has been telling us of," said George, the younger of the two boys, as they came to the dim path that turned off through the timber to the old trapper's home.

It took no urging to induce Hal to go such a short distance out of the way; for was not Uncle Zeb the most interesting character for miles around?

When they reached the old man's cabin, which was only a few rods from the main road, they found him stretching a mink skin. He was only too glad to tell the boys of some of his latest experiences in the woods; for he led a rather lonely life here all alone.

"No I have not got the ol' b'ar yet he said, in answer to George's inquiry, "but I guess I've got about the slickest trap in these woods. Jes' take a look at it as you go down the branch toward town. It's in the clump o' alders at the edge of the bluff."

Hal and George would have stayed longer with Uncle Zeb, but this information about the trap started them off in a hurry to take a look at it. It was not a deadfall, such as most of the trappers used for catching large animals; but was a huge den made of heavy timber and stones, with a heavy door, that could not be raised even by a bear, If the bear once got inside and threw the trigger, it would be imprisoned alive to wait the pleasure of the trapper

After the boys had taken in the details of the big trap, they continued on their way, and soon arrived at the village. They made their purchases, called at the postoffice for the mail, and still had quite a time till sundown.

Some lumber.jacks, who had returned from the upper lake country, were sitting around the stove telling stories of the winter's experience; many of them being fabricated for the occasion. The boys were being highly entertained by the conversation.

"They say that wolves are gettin' pretty numerous in the big timber; and just about hungry enough to tackle anything that walks," Tom Peterson, the blacksmith, put in, after listening to some hair-raising tale from one of the up-country men.

Though the shadows were getting long, the boys, in their absorption, had forgotten to take notice of the flight of time; and had it not been for Peterson's reminder of wolves in the neighborhood would have stayed longer.

They soon got their packages together, but the sun was sinking when they started.

They proceeded without mishap till they reached the long meadow, which they judged to be about halfway on the homeward road, It was now getting dark, and when they entered the big timber after crossing the prairie glade, night seemed suddenly to have fallen.

George, who was behind, stopped suddenly, and called the attention of his brother to a dark object which was apparently sneaking off through the woods.

"That's a wolf skulking there,

Continued on page two.

MEN AND THINGS

J. B. Randolph chief clerk in the war dapartment, administered the oath of office to Lindley M. Garrison, Wilson's new secretary of war.

He has administered the oath to every secretary of war since Grants Administration, so has his hand well in for the business

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The name of Wilson's private Secretary is rather appropriate as well as significant. It is TUMULTY. And if he is not kept "on the go," and in a tumultuous condition, no other man about Washington will be.

Ollie James the new Senator from "old Kanetuck" is the biggest man physisially in the United Senate, and is big in brain as well. There is not a seat in the Senate chamber large enough to accomodate James with comfort, so a special seat has been ordered.

We wonder if Ollie James is any larger than the late David Davis was? if so, he is a whopper.

President Wilson is already warning off the "pie hunters," and evidently does not intend to be worried to death with the chroniee office seeker.

There are many thousands of offices to be filled, and it looks now, as if the fellow that says the least about it, is likely to get the plum.

The North Carolina State Historical Commission, is doing a great work in resuscitating and preserving, the Historical records of our State. Mr. R. D. W. Conner is a veritable "Old Mortality," who believes in cleaning off the tombs of the Fathers, and cleaning away the bramble and briars, that have been obscuring our history.

Let ihe work go on and North Carolina will be found to have much more to boast of, than being first at Bethel," and last at appomatox."

JUST SAYING IT.

An old scotch woman lay dying The sorrowing husdand sat holding her wornhand in his and seeing she was soon to leave him' broke through his lifelong Scotch reserve by saying earnestly, "Janet if ever a women was loved, I love you."The weary eyelids were raised. and a radiant smile overspread the pale face as Janet replied. "I ay kenned it John' O'but ot hear ye say it!"Jesns knew that Peter loved hom'but repeated his question. that he may hear it from his own lips. How much we often lose by not saying it!—Dr. Whyte.

—The furnace-heat of pain can be tempered by cups of cold water given to need by love.

—Truth can never be a "one hoss shay." It will never collapse because worn out simultaneovsly and equally in all its parts. Logic is still logic.

—Courtesy is the cure for the ills that breed quarrels, animosities, acrimonies, whose only end is separation of friends, or hate, or grief.

A member of the Canadian bar told this story at a lawyer's dinner:

A farmer's son conceived a desire to shine as a legal light. Accordingly he went to the nearest city where he accepted employment at a small sum from a fairly well-known lawyer. At the end of three days study he returned to the farm.

"Well, Bill, how'd ye like the law?" asked the farmer.

"It ain't what it's cracked up to be," responed Bill, gloomily. "I'm sorry I learned it."—Presbyterian Witness.

Bad air kills more people every year than are killed by bullets.

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

WM. LAURIE HILL. Editor.

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Thursday, April 17 1913

THE WEBB KENYON LIQUOR BILL

This important piece of Legislation has to run the gauntlet of the Supreme Court as to its constitutionality.

This new federal law prohibits the transportation of liquor from wet into dry territory to be sold or traded in, as a beverage. The resident of a dry state may still order and receive liquor for his own personal use, but not to be distributed in any way. We fear that even with this law in force, much liquor will get into dry territory for illicit use, but a hard fight will be made by the liquor men to influence the Supreme Court to outlaw the law.

And yet we have faith enough in the honesty of the Supreme Court to believe that this law will stand. Surely any State should be upheld in her right to prohibit traffic in any article that her citizens determine should not be sold within her limits.

COMMAMDER BLUE

We are glad to see the worthy promotion of another Tar-heel Victor Blue.

This brave officer was born in what is now Scotland County North Carolina, and unless tradition lies, went to school and lived for a while, at old Floral College in Robeson Co. The house in which the Blue's lived was burned some years ago, but was pointed out to the writer as the home of the Blue's when they lived in Robeson before moving to South Carolina.

The old Sandhills of North Carolina produce men of grit and brain, and we rejoice whenever the sons of those old Scotch folk, get whats coming to them.

It seems that Josephus Daniels did not forget "the God-biessed macks," when promotion struck him, but knew where to get "gude stuff."

RAILROAD TRAVEL AND SAFETY TO LIFE

Men who do much traveling are little aware of danger to life and limb that they daily incur. We quote the "Current Opinion"

"The average traveler thinks no more of defects in the roadways than he does of having the street under him give away, and yet on the average of about five times a day (in 1912) a train is hurled from the tracks for no other reason. Theoretically the road bed is probabaly well adapted to its purpose, altho many Engineers have during the past twenty years, criticized its construction as a makeshift and compared it as a temporary expedient to the basting of a seamstress. But proper maintenance is so much an ideal of perfection and so many Railroads need better drainage, more ties, more ballast, heavier rails, and numerous strengthening-device, that the physical rail-road is a poor, weak think, generally and relatively speaking, and it is daily pushed to the limit of endurance."

The last clause in the last sentence describes an actual state of things.

While millions are being spent in the ballasting, leveling, relaying of track, strengthening tressels, and bridges and the general equipment of railroads the increased demand upon track tressels, bridges, rolling, stock is simply enormous, and with ever increasing traffic, our railroads are being worn out, almost as fast as they can be repaid.

We can form some idea of this as a danger in travel if we will stand at some rail-road centre and watch the incoming trains for a while. Here comes thunder ing along a freight train of from thirty to forty cars, many of them coming from as many states in the Union, all loaded with a heavy freight. The rails have no rest, for so soon as the freights are out of the way, here comes the passeger trains, (many of them solid pullmans) with engines of tremendous weight and power, and every train does its share of the wear and tear, that leaves the road-bed less efficient than it found it. The locomotives on all modern railroad trains have vastly increased in weight in the last ten years, in 1902 the average weight of a locomotive was 166.000 pounds: in 1912 locomotives will weigh 300.000 pounds.

The rapid speed that is now being demanded on our great trunk lines is a great strain upon men machinery and road-bed, and therefore a continuedmenace to human life. The thirty fastest trains out of New York average 45 miles an hour; out of Berlin 45 miles: out of Paris 47 miles: out of London 52 miles. So with all our equipment and effort, we are distanced in speed average, and have more records of rail-road disasters.

One thing is very certain: to reduce risk to life and limb, we must either spend more money on double tracking and heavier rails, or we must make even slower time. Safety is the one thing the traveller feels that he has need of.

SAFELY TRAPPED

Continued from page one.

and no mistake," he declared.

"Just some of old Peterson's yarns soakin' in," replied Hal, contemptuously.

Whether or not the wolf was a creature of the younger lad,s imagnation was not decided: for conversation was suddenly cut short by a prolonged howl from the dark shadows to the right, which was presently answered from the opposite direction.

The boys did not wait for a second warning; but put this part of the woods behind them as fast as their legs would carry them, They ran thus for a half a mile without looking behind to see if they were pursued, when Hal tripped and fell with George on top of him. When they regained their feet, both boys glanced behind: and to their horror saw, not one or two, but at least a dozen, dark forms hurying forward. The wolves were encouraged to make a dash when they saw the boys, fall.

Hal now saw that it was to be a race for their lives, and calling to his brother to do his best, set off at a faster gait. They were yet a mile from home, and the only other habitation for miles was that of the old trapper, which was nearer.

Both boys cried loudly for help, but with little hope of being heard. Their shouts seemed to embolden rather than frighten their pursuers. The wolves were not howling now, but had settled down to a quiet cnase.

They were now in the bottom of the dry ravine where the timber was thickest. Here one of the foremost of the pack made a dash for Hal, who was behind. He quickly threw the package he was carrying at the animal with the hope of scaring it away. In an instant three of of the gaunt forms were around the bundle tearing it into shreds, and emitting snarls and growls. The space around them was instantly lighted by a glare from the torn package! There had been a box of matches in it, and had been set off by the wolves scratching over them. This temporary confusion gave the boys time to get ahead.

Here they came into the trail from the trapper's cabin; and as his place was much nearer than home, Hal led the way up the dim trail that ran along the branch,

The wolves were soon in full chase again, and it was yet nearly half a mile to tho trapper's cabin, with the wolves gaining on them at every step. George now threw away the package of sugar with the hope of again stopping the pack; but they were not to be so easily fooled this time,

They had now come out of the thickest of the timber into a little open glade, flanked on one side by an alder thicket. The hungry wolves were spreading out on either side preparatory to making a rush at the first sign of weakness; and the boys knew only too well how it would all end if the break was made by the leader.

Hal shouted again, but this time his voi e was answered by a menacing howl from the wolves.

The boys understood wolf nature, and knew that if a bold front was maintained, they would at least gain a respite. Gathering up such clubs as they could get hold of, they made a quick rush toward the beasts, taking them by surprise, and causing themto give way. This could not last all night, however, and as soon as they started on. the wolves, more determined than ever, would dog their steps.

Hal and George backed away up the narrow trail, all the while striking out with their clubs. If one of them should by accident fall, the wolves would be on him in an instant. Step by step they progressed till they were opposite the ledge near which stood the big bear trap, which they had seen on their way to the village.

"The bear trap!" panted George.

His brother needed no ex plantation, for he could see at once that there would be a safe refuge from the wolves, provided they could reach it. But suppose it had been thrown, and the door was now shut? The wolves would never give them time to raise the door and get inside!

Hoping that the trap was set, the boys made a dash up the hill, through the thick undergrowth. Twenty steps would bring them to it; but it was over stones and fallen timber. Once Hal's foot slipped, and he was down! Instantly the gaunt body of a wolf shot past his brother, who was behind, and would have fastened its fangs in the prostrate lad, but for a blow from the club in George's hand.

This was a close call, and the beasts came pressing forward, so that every step was a battle. In a moment they would be eithl er safe, or hemmed in at the foot of the ledge, at the mercy of the ferocious animals! It aldepended on whether the trap was open or sprung!

They were now in the open space in front of the trap, and a glance behind showed Hal that the huge door was up, as they had seen it earlier in the day.

"Keep them back for a minute, then fall down and roll under the door; but don't touch the the trigger till I am in," he explained to George, who was striking out at a wolf that seemed braver or hungrier than his mates.

"Now," shouted Hal, as he dropped, preparatory to ducking under the door. He could see that George had also fallen, and that he had not been quick enough in rolling under the heavy door. Already a wolf was ever him, and in an instant he would be beyond help.

Cautiously moving to one side, fearing all the time that he would touch the trigger, and spring the door, Hal reached his brother in time to drag him beneath the door.

Both boys fell back, tripped over the long cord that held the trigger. There was a loud bang! as the door fell.

Two white-faced, panting boys lay still inside and listened to the howling outside, and wondered if all this noise would not awaken Zeb.

After what seemed to them hours, the howling arbruptly ceased, and presently they could see a light through cracks in the door.

"By jinks!" exclaimed a familiar voice, "I got that ol' b'ar for sure this time."

It was Zeb, and he was now peering through a chink in the top of the trap. He laughed aloud, as he exclaimed, "I'll not skin these two cubs, but let their Ma do that for their staying out in the woods after sundown."

Still chuckling, he got the long pry-pole and raised the door for the grinning lads, who had been so safely trapped.

GREAT MEN WHO LOVED ANIMALS.

More than seven hundred years have passed since St. Francis of Assisi blessed the birds and the animals and called themhis "little brothers and sister," and since that time there have always been some good men in every age who have tried to soften the hearts of their fellow-men towards their brthers in fur and feathers, and to impress them with a truer conception of their rights.

Martin Luther, the great reformer, wrote: "Christ makes the birds our masters and teachers, so that a feeble sparrow, to our great shame, stands in the Gospel as a doctor and preacher to the wisest of men."

The brothers Wesley were all animals' friends; but it was Charles the hymn-writer, whose beautiful "Jesus, lover of my soul," was inspired by a frightened bird that flew through his open window during a storm and nest in his arms.

The Rev. John Kebble, author of "The Christian Year," loved all God's handiwork, especially birds, listening untiringly to the nightingale singing in the garden, at the close of the day. It was in the garden, too, where he composed his famous poem, "The Redbreast in Church." This was inspired by a robin, that spent one cold winter in church, frequently joined in the singing.

The Rev. Charles Kingsley "loved every creature that drew breath," and taught children to love them, too, even to the most unlovely, and worked for them also. Ascending the pulpit one day to preach, he suddenly disappeared from view, and was then seen returning to the vestry and opening his window to liberate a butterfly which he had found on the pulpit stairs. There was one spot on the bank at Eversley where the gardner was never allowed to mow, for it was the abode of a family of natter-toads.

Our Dumb Animals.

DR. FRIEDMAN'S" CURE

Is there a "cure"for consumption?Has Dr. Friedmann found it? These are live questions these days. Many people are found who do not hesitate to answer,Oh'yes' I think there is a cure for consumption and I think Dr. Friedman has found it." But have such people any right to an opinion?Are they not predicting a long way outside of there territory?Is it not probable that there opinions are tempered to a large extence with their strong desire that such a cure may be found? Many eminent doctors and health officers have expressed their opnion that a cure for tuberculossis would be found in this generation we hope Dr. Friedman has found it. He has been working along the right line. but in the mean time it will certainly be the part of wisdom for the average citizen, if not for the average doctor and health officer, to possess him self with patience until some moro authoritative body than Dr. Frierdmann and his medical staff can pass on this matter

Many treatments have already been made by Dr. Friedmann in New York, and the United States Govervment authorities are busy testing the remedy, to ascertaiu for certain, first, if it is harmless and second, if it will really cure consumption it will probably take six or eight weeks before much. of an opinion can be given, even by these experts.

In the meantime, those of us who are so unfortunate as to have the disease should not loose any time, or falter one step in the well beaten, time trodden path of cure that we how know so well name ly, rest, fresh air snd pure food. If Dr. Friedmann has discovered a cure, so much the better, but until that fact has been well demonstrated and until his cure can be generaley obtained, let us not waste any valuable time

"Did you'se git anything?" whispered the burglar on guard as his pal emerged from the window. "Naw, de bloke wot lives here is a lawyer," replied the other in disgust. "Dat's hard luck." said the first: "did youse lose anything?"—Ohio State Journel.

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On the expiration of the time for which payment has been made for this paper it is legal to continue to send the paper for one year longer. After the one year the paper must stop by law.

Thursday, April 17, 1913

HOME HAPPENINGS

Mrs. Pattie C. Jordon is substituting for Miss Adams who is spending a few days at her home near Stony Point.

Miss Barnette is visiting at her home near Huntersville.

Mr Walsh is attending Kings Mountain Presbytery in behalf of the Home.

Mr. Walker is away attending Fayetteville and Asheville Presbyteries. He expects to get back about Friday.

The Graded school of Mezzeppa near Mooresville, gave a picnic here last Thursday. They arrived in wagons about nine thirty and were soon apparently at home. They visited the school rooms and Industrial building as well as other places of interest about here.

After dinner a ball game was played between the Mezzeppa team and our boys. And although surpassed in size, our boys defeated them, the score being nine to eight.

We are glad to have had this opportunity of meeting them and hope they will visit us again.

We are glad to have had a visit from John Carriker, one of our old boys, who is now in Davidson College,

Last Saturday our Ball Team was given its first defeat by the team from Troutmans Graveyard The field was in a muddy condiction, making it difficult to play.

Our boys put up a good game, but the Graveyard folks seemed to be more seasoned. They are a jolly good bunch of boys and we hope to play them again before long, taking the big end of the score.

Miss Mary Williams, of Mooresville is teaching the fifth grade for Miss Templeton whois unwell at her home.

Mr. Hill is spending a week or more in and around Wilmington, in the interest of Our Fatherless Ones.

Earl Edens and Bennie Long have returned from the Hospital in Charlotte, Earl was treated for an infected bone of the leg and it is healing nicely. Bennie's feethave been straighten so he can now walk in a natural manner, but he will have to wear braces for a while until they strengthen.

A walk over the farm astonished us to the results of our farm boys work. The cultivating of seventy-five acres is no small job when all the labor comes from the children of the Home But, our farmers are a hustling bunch of hard workers, and "make hay while the sun shines." During the winter four acres of swamp land was cleared and hundreds of stumps were dynamited, and a few days ago most of this land was put in potatoes.

For feeding purposes a big field of oats and vetch is now two feet high, and it is a pretty sight to see it swaying to and fro by the wind.

Four acres of early corn has been planted. We hope to errect two large Silos before fall and raise enough corn to fill them with silage.

We are now getting asparagus at tha table, with cabbage and unions about two weeks off.

The pea, tomato, and bean crop is coming on fine, and with a few strawberries and plenty of water-melons, the garden is looking fine.

Of course this is only a small part of what Mr. "Mac" and the boys are doing, for we expect to see them go beyond their record of last year.

ROADS BREED ROADS

It is universal experence that one mile of good road breeds another mile. Put a State-wide, good road down anywhere in this country, and in ten years there will be dozens of good roads reaching it from all parts of the State. Put down a system of National Highways, built and maintained by the National Government, and the various State Legislatures and County officails would soon see the advantages of connecting all parts of the States with those National roads.

There are two million miles of roads in the United States. The fifty thausand miles of highway shown on the map is but fraction over two per cent of this mileage. But improve these fifty thousand miles into good roads, and keep them good roads by proper maintenance, and fifty thousand mies more would grow almost over night, and then another fifty thousand and another and another, until our great country, with its huge territory, would be crossed and recrossed with good roads, as France is to-day.

NATIONAL HIGHWAYS ABROAD

France has National Highways. These are immense trunk line roasd, great arteries of commerce, and from these the smaller roads are built by the provinces of France, just as the States and Counties of our State will build feeders and connections to a National System of Highways.

If France—about the size of Texas—needs National Highways ,how much more do we, with our huge territory, require them?

Many idealists and dreamers have proposed National Road Systems for this cauntry. Usually the system has been worked out with a map. ruler, a pencil, and sublime faith. Mountains, lakes, rivers and forests form no obstacles to such visionary road systems. The National Highways System, as shown on a map, is the product of no such dream. The highways indicated are either the best present roads from point to point, or what are, in the judgement of a trained and experienced corps of road engineers, the best possible and practicable roads from point to point.

But these engineers, who worked months on hundreds of large scale maps, and with the aid of a nation-wide correspondence of more than fifteen thousand personal letters asking information and advice know this system is only tentative. It is but a suggestion. It is not intended to be anything else. There must be a beginning to everything, and little headway ean be made without some such careful plan from which to start.

That was a broadminded clergyman who recently, in one of his sermons, asserted that God does not fix the death rate. There are many agencies that contribute to maintaining a high death rate. and chief among these are those persons who think that disease and death are sent by a Divine providence as a punishment for our sins. Then come those who flout at all health laws and refuse to even be taught how to do the things that make for community health and safety.

Get harmony into your hearts and disease will depart from your bodies.

HAS PRICE FOR SIN

DEVIL WOULD TEACH THE DOCTRINE THAT LIFE CAN BE SUSTAINED IN ONLY ONE WAY.

It is the time of the triple temptation in the wilderness. The conversation is between Christ and Satan. One great in goodness, the other great in evil device. Three temptations are hurled in quick succession and as quickly parried and repulsed. Make bread from these stones. Cast thyself down from the pinnacle of the temple; worship the devil. Mark the audacity of Satan—he would attack the Son of God, he would storm the citadel of heaven. If the devil would persistently attack the wisest, noblest and best of earth, think not you will be free. We hear him saying, "Make bread out of these stones."

The devil would teach the doctrine that life can be sustained in only one way: His program is to eat and live; take plenty of bread and refuse to die. Fill the cupboard and the cribs; let the barns burst with the golden grain; then boast thyself of tomorrow. Say to thyself: "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; eat, drink and be merry." That is the devil's program. It is Ingersoll saying, "One world at a time, one life at a time." The man who listens to that argument is listening to materialism.

With a quick flash came the words, "Man shall not live by bread alone." It is not necessary that we live at all; but, anyway, we are not confined to one method of subsistence. Only in the most narrow and contracted sense do we live simply because we baked a loaf and ate it, but because God wills that we live.

Is Barn Too Large?

But this is evidently a blow at materialism. We hear much these later days as to our accomplishments. So many farms tilled and lands opened up; so many millions of bushels of wheat and corn; so many bales of cotton; so many miles of railroad built, and so many ships set afloat on the high seas. This may be interesting from the point of statistics. But is this all? Can we see no farther than granary and crib? Is the barn so large we cannot see the sky?

Tell me, rather, how many churches have been built—for man shall not live by bread alone. Tell me how many souls this year of our Lord have decided to make heaven their home; how many young men and women have gone out from halls of learning to help make this tired, sin-sick world a little more livable. I want to know in how many places the standard of the cross has been set up. What is success, and what is true success? Forevermore it must remain true that a nation, like a man, cannot live by bread alone.

Men become so wrapped up in material things, the external, the visible and the tangible, they seem to forget there is a soul to save and a soul to feed and that there is such a thing as the bread of life. Man needs fellowship, the Bible, the church, communion.

Who Shall Grow?

Who is it shall mount up on wings as eagles, shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not faint? Who shall grow in grace? Who is it will go from strength to strength, from victory to victory, till one day they appear before God? It is that one who has heard the words, "Man shall not live by bread alone."

Do you remember the pathetic story of Esau, who, for one morsel of meat sold his birthright? For you know that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.

Is it possible to sell the spiritual birthright? Yes. How much does Satan ever offer for it? Never more than a morsel of meat. It was all he gave the mother of the human race in the garden. She saw, she desired, she ate, she fell. What did she get in return? A morsel of meat.

So it has been in every age. Satan and the soul strike a bargain. How much for the spiritual birthright? A mess of pottage, a morsel of meat—nothing more. Man shall not live by bread alone.

May the food we eat, the life we receive, the strength we gain, cause those who come after us to say, as they see the work we did, "There were giants in those days."—Rev. Walter L. Ferris, Congregational church, Pekin, Ill

Birth.

Some of the greatest thinkers, poets, philosophers and musicians, were born under consumptive tendencies. Take Keats, for example, and Byron. Methusalah lived 895 years A man to-day who lives twenty-five years lives longer than Methusalah, for he did nothing but beget sons and daughters.—Rev. J. W. Taylor, Methodist, St. Paul, Minn.

It cost money to carry on public health work that, if properly performed means the lessening of needless disease and sufferings. And in this battle between the dollar and the death rate if only the dollars were provided and wisely used, the victory for human health and happiness can be won. In this day and age good health is a commodity and can be bought but the people must be willing to pay the cost.

A HOUSE WITHOUT SERVANTS

West orange, N.J. has a house that is literally operated by pushing a button. It is the "marvel house,, in Honeysuckle Avenue that has been equipped by Thomason A Edison to show what electricity in this modern day can do in the way of housekeeping on the farm or in the village insolated from the city conveniences for the Honeysuckle Avenue house is complete in itself, with its own electrical plant. A four horse power gasoline engine drives a dynamo that charges the storage batteries, by means of which electricity is available at all hours all over the house. It is used for lightning, of cours- In also cooks the food, runs vac. um cleaner, sweeps and dust, An electric ice box manufactures its own ice. There are all sorts of electric devices, a coffee percolator, toaster, and chafing dish for the dining room. In the bath room, electric heaters to dry towels with, In the bed room electric heater to warm the beds. In the drawing room an electrrcal Edison phonograph and a home kinetoscope or small moving picture machine, provide entertainment Any one can operate the exemplified electrical plant The batteries require no attention accept the addition of a little water from time to time. The motor, run simply by pressing a button, will in seven hours store up enough electaicity for three days use The current can be manufactured on a farm, Mr. Edison says, at a reasonable cost. It is expected to revolutionize domsitic conditions in rural districts. Electricity has become the real servant in the house to take from women's hanbs all the drudgery they have so long preformed.

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A MODERN MIRACLE

Continued from page one.

followed by old Drury Long, a case hardened sinner, who in the twilight of life had found his way to peace with his God.

Never before had Caleb Chandler stood in the presence of so vast a throng, and their eager faces showed how intent was their interest in what he should say.

In the choir corner sat Agnes and her mother, both of them praying that Caleb would be given a message that should thrill the hearts of all who heard him.

His voice was deep and strong, and could be heard to the remotestcorner of the crowd, and he did not look on this occasion, for thoughts or words as he spoke to them.

"My friend! my christian friends! just one week ago from yesterday, I stood in the presence of, not so large a crowd as this, and for a very different purpose. I stood before a man that we might test our skill in marring and maining our bodies, to satify a lust for greed and power, and to please the depraved craving of a carousing mob.

I bear on my body the marks of that fight, and remember with shame, how I spent that day.

To-day I stand before this audience to tell them my story and how I have been graciously led, from the darkness of sin, into the marvellous light; and into son-ship with the great creator, and brotherhood with Jesus Christ. There are many old people here who remember my mother. I only remember that she was borne away to the grave in a casket, and I have never! never! known, a mothers tender love. Oh friends! you may safely commend to my pitty, a motherless child, for the loss of a mother, robs that child of all the tender influences that cling around home, and throws him or her upon the symptahies of a cold work.

My father doubtless grew up like I did, having no chance to be other than he was, and when I was twelve years of age, he too was burried from my sight in an untimely grave, and Caleb Chandler was set adrift, homeless, and with few friends. Oh! friends! how forlorn I felt, adrift! adrift!

I have no quarrel with the kind neighbors who took that orphan boy by the hand, and gave him food, clothing, shelter: gave him more than he earned for a whi e.

"My heart is grateful to those who were even tender to me at times, and they shall occupy a warm place in my heart so long as life remains to me. But friends! I have learned in the school of adversity, how to feel for the fatharless and motherless ones: I have a sympathy so deep, that no orphaned child shall ever lack a friend, when I know their needs, while Caleb Chandler lives.

My life has been spent thus far among you my friends, and, oh, what a wasted life it has been, with natural gifts, moderately improved. I nave been able to gain an honest living, and should have saved more money than I have, to enable me to reach a higher plane of usefulness. My reputation has been stained by dissipation, and my name has been a by-word among the people. Oh young men! what a shame it is for a man, made in the image of God to lead such a life as I have. Like the gash in the bark of a young tree, the scar remain even though in future years it become a fruit-bearer."

You know what I have been, but it is the Holy Spirits power that can tell what I may become My new borne faith is not quite a week old, for itw as only on last Monday afternoon, that I was led to feel how a wretched sinner like Caleb Chandler, might become "the child of a king." I was "not disobedient to the heavenly Vision," but catching a glimpse of what I might become, I surrendered my all to the great master of destiny: just brought a poor wounded body and sin sick soul to Jesus, and found peace.

I never knew before the meaning of that word, it is indeed "the peace that flows like a river, clear, pure, and free: a "peace that passeth all understanding."

What I am going to say now, may seen pre-mature, as I have so recently left the by-ways of sin and folly; but I think I have the mind of the spirit.

Having found peace, pardon, acceptance, son-ship: what should I do to show my loyalty to the king? what does every true soldier do? he serves.

"I here and now surrender my life to the king of kings. and shall toil with my hands to save the means whereby I may serve him as a herald of the everlasting word.

It will take several years of toil and study, but the joy of seving," him whom my soul loveth," will make these years pass swiftly by, and all along the way, I can be telling my fellow, laborers "the old old story" that transformed my life."

"I have learned the craft of a moulder, and often with steady hand and watchful eye, have I guided the moulten stream of metal into shapes that should give me a repreduction of the patten I had so deftly traced in the sand.

If the pattern be perfct, you need have no fear but what every trace in the sand, will be reproduced in your perfect work, when, having passed through the furnaces and yielded to its glowing heat, the metal shall have filled its pattern, and comes forth the manifested design of the artizan. I shall strive now my friends to become a moulder of men.

"My pattern is perfect, even Jesus Crist, the highest type of manhood united to divinity. How beautiful is this type of the moulder as applied to the work of the preacher. The moulder forms his pattern of earth, and how careful must he be that the work shall be done with knowledge and skill. The preacher also deals with humun clay, and how often the fires of trial and sorrow must melt the dross in that human clay: must test the moulding process by the perfect pattern: must by the refiners fire bring away all imperfections, until atlast, transformed by the renewing power of God's spirit the thing of soft moist earth, is made an heir to immortality, and eternal life.

To be a co-worker with the divine artizan in moulding the lives of men and women, is the highest calling known to man, and demands a consecration known to no other calling. Is it ambition that calls me to this surrender of self to God? Ah no! my friends, it is privilege allied to duty: it is the mercy of God that constraines me.

"That he should take a creature besotted in sin, cleanse him, clothe him with the righteousness of Christ, and accept his poor services, is enough to start the Angels to singing, "Worthy worthy, the lamb that was slain." I begin my work to-day, by calling to all the companions of my youth and young manhood, to come with me into the service of the dearest master the world has ever seen. I see in this congregation young men whom I have led astray, ensnaring them at the drinking house, and the gaming table. Of all such I crave forgiveness, in the name of him who hath purchased for me, the forgiveness of a righteous judge 'Come friends,' as he the all loving one hath pardoned me, so will he accept you, and let me assure you, one moment of peace found in Jesus, is worth ages of a pleasure whose sting is eternal death.

There was a death-like stillness in the audience, as Caleb Chandler took his seat. then here and there in the crowd there arose a young man, and soon he had around him seven of, his old companions in sin who came forward to testify their willingness to leave the ways of sin, and learn the way of life: and among them were Spivey and Russell.

Intense feeling pervaded the almost silent Audience. There was here and there a sob or a low cry of Praise when the old man who led the singing on the first day, begin in his sweet clear voice, "I will arise and go to Jesus."

In a moment the refrain was taken up by a thousand voices, and the old rafters of Mill meeting house vibrated with a thrill of melody that could not fail to touch the hardest heart present.

Continued in next issue.

HE WAS NO FLATTERER

The roll of "thing that might haue been said diffarently" has been swelled, according to Rev. E. J. Hardy's "How To Be Happy Though Civil," by a curate in England who, on the occasion of his marriage, received a handsome present from his parishioners.

He began a speech of thanks in this way: "I will not call you ladies and gentlemen, for I know you too well for that."

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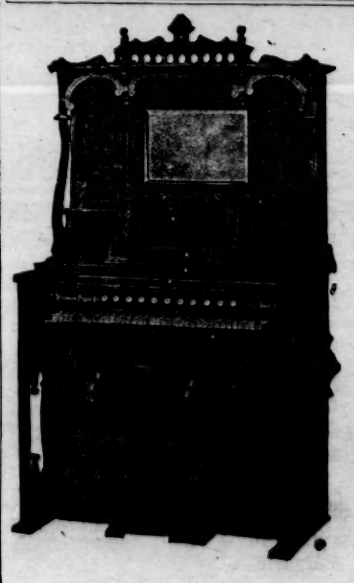

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